Ficlet!

Prompt: Dean/Uriel - Dean hated him with every fiber of his being... or so he kept telling himself.

NC-17, noncon, rough, wallsex...definitely darkfic. Yes.

Supernatural - Dean/Uriel - Dean hated him with every fiber of his being... or so he kept telling himself.

Uriel swings him around and slams him into the wall, gripping his arms so tightly that Dean knows he's bruised already.

There are teeth on his neck, where Uriel is biting, and Dean thinks that he might have pushed him too far this time.

Clothes vanish under Uriel's hands as he lets go of Dean's arms, not that Dean can move, he's still held to the wall, stretched out as Uriel leaves clawmarks on his back.

There is no preparation before Uriel thrusts into him, and Dean didn't even think the angels could have sex, was expecting the violence but not this, and he shouts as it burns through him.

It hurts, Dean *hurts*, and Uriel is not gentle as he begins to thrust, and Dean thinks that he's going to kill the son of a bitch.

"You can't kill us," Uriel hisses into Dean's ear. "Not with human weapons, not with the weapons of demons."

In still thinking part of Dean's mind, he catalogues that for later, thinks that they still need to test Ruby's knife on angels.

Uriel leaves bitemarks in Dean's shoulder and pauses to kiss them, and Dean makes a noise when he feels something go numb, and then he realizes that Uriel is healing him, healing some of the damage he did to Dean when he thrusted in.

For a moment it feels good, even when Uriel begins to move again, and for a moment can delude himself into thinking it's not a bad way to go.

Uriel rakes his claws down Dean's arm and moves faster, harder - Dean knows what's coming, doesn't want to feel *that* but Uriel doesn't look like he'll pull out any time soon, and Dean closes his eyes as the rush of heat and wet floods him.

Uriel's hands are on his hips again, and Dean groans as Uriel pulls out.

He's sore, and he still hurts, even for what Uriel has healed.

Dean swears, but as he hears wings, he has to palm his crotch and swear again.

He can curse his body all he wants, but he can't deny that he's hard, he wants more touch, and he doesn't like being alone now.